

'S'MATTER, POP!

By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY NEVER FIGURED AXEL WOULD RUN OUT

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By Vic



WHAT'S THE USE?

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THE POOR LITTLE RICH MAN

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By Brewerton



The Jarr Family

by Roy L. McCordell.

WHEN the Misses Cackleberry got a sight of their stalwart stepfather in his new plush hat and his fur overcoat, they were so amazed that they fairly choked. Mrs. Jarr, who dreaded "scenes," rushed around the department store and saw with some relief that very few persons were near. She caught hold of Mrs. Blodger as she was about to greet her young husband. "He was simply to detain you," Mrs. Jarr said. "I'm sure you'll find him a very nice man in the

Mr. Blodger Is a Regular Little Village Cut-Up

here! Papa home from the rolling mills where he has been rolling rolls to get a roll. Run, Jane, stir up the fire and have the hearth aglow, for it's bitter cold across the world and father's on the door mat even now. And as he said this Mr. Bernard Blodger removed his costly fur coat, threw it on the floor in front of him and deliberately wiped his feet on it. Mrs. Jarr and the Cackleberry girls gazed at the act of desecration in silent surprise. But Mrs. Blodger rubbed her hands in delight. "That shows you how lordly my Bernard is," she smirked. "He wouldn't care if that coat cost four hundred dollars instead of two. He thinks everything is as dirt beneath his feet!" And she beamed at her beloved. "Well, he doesn't think we are the dirt beneath his feet," cried Miss Gladie Cackleberry, rising angrily. "To think Irene and I are visiting Mrs. Jarr and ashamed to go anywhere because we haven't a decent rag to our backs, when you take our departed papa's insurance money and buy HIM a fur coat, and he makes a doormat of it!" "I'll stage" commanded Mr. Blodger. "Nix on the rough stuff; ours is a happy little home! Look, one who's

"Ah, buss me, good wife, buss me, and bring forth a stoup of Rhenish, for your knight hath joustured well this day, so buss me, good wife!" cried Mr. Blodger. "I'll bust him!" cried the warlike younger Miss Cackleberry. "Oh, don't stop me, Mrs. Jarr. If you only knew how we hated him!" But just then the orchestra in the restaurant struck up "Too Much Mustard!" and Mr. Blodger rose and bowed to the militant stepdaughter. "All right, I'll dance with you," said the latter, "but I hate you!"

Did He Get It?

"O NCE again my orders have been disobeyed," said the master in a certain public school recently. "Who is the miscreant?" Not a soul answered. "This matter shall be settled once and for all," he went on in the same icy manner, "and if none will tell, every boy in the class shall be thrashed." Every boy, therefore, was duly thrashed, but not one would breathe the culprit's name until suddenly, as the last boy was about to receive his share of punishment, the cane was withheld. Fixing a keen look on the lad, the master said, "Now, if you tell me who did this action I will not punish you." "All right, sir; I did it," came the surprising reply. "Did you?"



"Our hens have stopped laying. What can we do?" "We might try heating the hen house with egg coal."

Famous Rhode Island.

It was a geography lesson and the teacher had been asking what some of the different States were noted for. Looking at one of the little girls she asked: "Tell me, Florence, what Rhode Island is noted for?" For a moment the girl was silent, then an inspiration apparently came to her. "Rhode Island," replied the little girl, "is celebrated for being the only one of the United States that is the smallest." - Harper's Magazine.

The Valor of Ignorance.

M R. SNIBBLES got out of bed and slipped on his shoes, according to Harper's Magazine. "This must stop," he muttered irritably to his wife. "I'm going downstairs to teach that young man to keep away from my house in the future."

"John!" cried his wife. "Stop! Don't go!"

But before she could say more he had slipped out of the door. She

heard him steal downstairs to the drawing room; she heard sounds of a struggle and of the breaking glass; she heard him drag his adversary to the hall and kick him down the front steps. Then when he returned she flung herself upon him and clung to him admiringly: "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Don't you know?" she answered. "That was a burglar!" "Great Scott!" he gasped, turning pale. "Why didn't you tell me that before? I thought it was Ethel's sweetheart."

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